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AND

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False Conjectures.

A CHARACTERISTIC TALE.

[*From the French.*]

DELANCOURT brings into society a singular failing; he would penetrate the meaning of every one's actions. Ever since he thought himself a comic author, merely by writing a few farces, he imagines that he ought to be continually on the watch for new matter: to every trifling gesture he gives a mysterious meaning; he explains the most insignificant signs, and fathoms the intentions of all that he sees. If you walk out with him, he tells you the profession of every passenger, from whence they come, or what they think, and where they are going; if you press him, he will even tell you what business will occupy their attention the whole week.

Unfortunately Delancourt has more curiosity than penetration, so that he is often, by following his first ideas, grievously mistaken in his conjectures, and, as he has still more self-love than curiosity, he will not easily alter his first opinion; on the contrary, every discovery only tends to confirm it, and every thing appears possible except that he is mistaken.

Delancourt is married; his wife has a sister, who has been a widow several years, but still young and beautiful: the two sisters have the warmest friendship for each other, and are often together.

One day, on returning home, Delancourt found them both alone; the eyes of his sister-in-law where still red with tears. When he entered, they rose with precipitation, and affected an air of gaiety.—He heard his sister-in-law whisper the following words to his wife, which soon awoke his observing genius:—"Above all thing, say nothing of it to your husband."

He immediately sets his imagination at work to find out this great secret which they wished to conceal from him.

A few days after he conducted his wife to his sister-in-law's.—they had scarcely embraced each other, when the former said to the other, "Well, is he not returned?"—"Alas! no," replied the sister-in-law; "I plainly see that I must no longer hope for it, and I shall endeavour to console myself."

The question and answer were both spoken in an indifferent manner; but nothing is indifferent to the observing Delancourt; he has remarked in his sister-in-law a rooted sorrow; he immediately interprets the cause of it; her lover has abandoned her, and she regrets his absence. She is young, and full of sensibility. Delancourt pitied her sincerely.

Delancourt was at a loss to conjecture who the faithless lover could be. His sister-in-law lived very retired, and saw no person. This he construed into another proof of love;—when one loves, all company is disgusting except that of the beloved object.

Firmly bent upon penetrating this mystery, he went to see his sister-in-law; he examined her; threw out several equivocal words: told her he had noticed her melancholy, and even gave her to understand that his wife had let out the secret. At last he said—"I know, in short, what afflicts you, and I am come to console you for the loss which you have sustained."—"Pshaw," cried the lady, "you mock me with your compassion; for you men have not the least feeling on such occasions."—"Pardon me," replied Delancourt, "I always participate in the affliction of a friend."—"Well then scold me, make me ashamed of my weakness. I will never indulge any more of these foolish affections, I have sworn it to myself, and I will keep my word."—"Do not be too certain of any thing, my dear sister; have not you often resolved to have no more?"—"Yes, truly, two or three times—every time that they went from me."—"You have only had two or three different ones?"—"That is enough."—"It proves, at least, that you have kept them a long time."—"Always as long as I could; when I lost them it was not my fault."—"I believe it."—"I feel the stroke the more sensibly, because I would not wish any one to notice the chagrin which I endure."

After this conversation, Delancourt was more convinced than ever of the justice of his suspicions.

A few days afterwards he found, in his wife's chamber, a letter from his sister-in-law; it was unsealed: curiosity, and the insurmountable desire of verifying his observations, hurried him on: he read it.

After several trifling things, commissions, &c. he came to the following lines, every word of which made him tremble:

"I am much afraid that your prying husband has found out the cause of my sorrow. Can it be you who have betrayed me?—I flatter myself that you have not. But be assured that I am half consoled for the loss which I have suffered. I wait with impatience for the birth of that little being, who will fill the place in my heart which its father occupied. I will give it the same name, and I hope it will be as pretty as he was; but I flatter myself it will not be so ungrateful, and that it will never quit me."

Delancourt's suspicions now became of an alarming nature.—"It is but too clear,"

said he to himself, "I am not deceived. Unfortunate woman! but the mischief is done, and I must endeavour to console her."

Full of this idea, he hired an apartment in a retired part of the country, and a nurse. These precautions taken, he returned to his sister-in-law's. The next thing was, how to introduce so delicate a subject.

He began by slightly mentioning the misfortune which had happened to her, and the suffering she had endured in consequence of it. "I am sure, my dear sister," said he, "you must be in want of a little amusement. Suppose you were to pass some time in the country: my wife and myself intend to take a lodging there."—"I thank you: I will come and see you sometimes; but I must remain at Paris."—"I advise you not to do that; your neighbours and the public will find out the cause of your sorrow."—"Oh! that they have done already: I have not concealed it, and they may think of it as they please."—"That is acting with spirit, but your health will require care and better air."—"Don't be afraid; I am not yet so foolish as to let such a trifle injure my health."—"What! not in the state you are in?"—"How, in the state I am in! what do you mean?"—"You know that I am very observing."—"Well, and what have you observed?"—"You also know how much I love you, and I flatter myself that you owe me this confidence."—"What confidence?"—"Confess——pardon me, but I must speak plainly; confess—that you are with child," added he, bashfully, and lowering his voice. "I will sooner confess that you are mad," cried she, in a rage; "but where did you learn this?"—"It is strange that you should pretend to deny it; you have written to my wife; I have seen your letter; and since every thing must come out, an apartment in the country is hired for you, and all ready for your lying-in."—"What are you talking about?"—"Don't be offended; here is your letter; be upon good terms with a brother who loves you."

The sister-in-law looked at the letter, burst into a fit of laughter, quitted the room, and entered a moment afterwards with a basket, in which was a pretty little Angola cat. "Here it is, here it is," said she, holding her sides; "this is the little being which is to supply its father's place! It is the son of Lubin, that I was so fond of, and whose loss I have so much lamented. Your wife has deceived you, brother, or else this is a trait of your genius, one of your profound observations."

Delancourt was petrified! His self-love suffered for a moment; but he soon raised the seige, and departed, saying to himself, "She has parried the thrust very cleverly; but I saw in her eyes that she meant to deceive; there is certainly something under all this which cannot long escape my penetration."

A MAXIM....WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

MAXIM.—"*Give your child no* prejudices; *let reason be the only foundation of his opinions; where he cannot reason, let him suspend his belief. Let your great care be, that as he grows up, he has nothing to unlearn; and never make use of authority in matters of opinion, for authority is no test of truth.*"

ILLUSTRATION.—"My dear child, you are entering upon a world full of intricate and perplexed paths, in which many miss their way, to their final misery and ruin.—Amidst many false systems, and much vain science, there is also some true knowledge, there is a right path; I believe I know it, for I have the advantage of years and experience; but I will instil no prejudices into your mind, I shall therefore leave you to find it out as you can; whether your abilities are great or small, you must take the chance of them. There are various systems in morals; I have examined and found some of a good, others of a bad tendency. There is such a thing as religion; many people think it the most important concern of life; perhaps I am one of them; perhaps I have chosen from amidst the various systems of belief, many of which are extremely absurd, and some even pernicious, that which I cherish as the guide of my life, my comfort in all my sorrows, and the foundation of my dearest hopes; but far be it from me to influence you in any manner to receive it; when you are grown up you must read all the books upon these subjects which you can lay your hands on, for neither in the choice of these would I presume to prejudice your mind; converse with all who pretend to any opinions upon the subject; and whatever happens to be the result, you must abide by it. In the mean time, concerning these important objects you must keep your mind in a perfect equilibrium. It is true you want these principles more now than you can do at any other period of your life, but I had rather you never had them at all, than that you should not come fairly by them."

COMPARISONS.

A humorous Author compares love to the small-pox, the longer it is in making its appearance, the more violent is the disorder.

Cowards resemble scales, which rise when the opposite side sinks, and *vice-versa*.

MEMOIRS OF *Tippoo Sultaun*,

LATE SOVEREIGN OF MYSORE.

THE memoirs of a character so distinguished for magnanimity and intrigue as that of Tippoo Sultaun, are an object of general curiosity; and afford another awful example to the records of ambition, of the instability of human power, unsupported by justice or moderation.

TIPPOO SULTAUN was the son of Hyder Alli, or Hyder Naig—a mere adventurer, who, through one of the surprising revolutions of fortune that so often take place in the world, had risen from being a common seapoy to become master of a considerable part of the Malabar Coast; and to be one of the most considerable and formidable princes in the empire of India.

This bold adventurer being sensible that the power of the East India Company was an insurmountable bar to his ambition, worked upon the weakness of the Nizam of the Decan, and partly by threats, and partly by promises, gained him to renounce the alliance which was between the Company and him, and to join in a war against it. This war continued with various success for near two years. At one period of which Hyder bygiving their army in the Carnatte the slip, marched at the head of a chosen body of horse within a few miles of Madras, and threw that settlement into the greatest consternation. He was, however, repelled; but the Company dreading the further power of his arms, and his forming fresh alliance with the Mahratta princes, entered into a negociation of peace with him in 1769, which was soon after concluded upon simple and equitable conditions—the forts and places taken on either side were restored, and both parties were to sit down at the expences which they had incurred. It was also acknowledged at that time, in justice to the character of Hyder, that the war was not attended with any of those acts of treachery or inhuman massacres which were so frequent in the contests they had had with other powers of the country—but that humanity and good faith were preserved on all occasions.

Tippoo Sultaun, his son, appears to have been born in the year 1749, and succeeded his father when he was about 30 years of age. It is related by Hubbub Oollah and Rajah Cawn, (the former his principal secretary—the latter his favourite servant, and both well acquainted with the Sultaun's character,) that in the life-time of his father, he was universally esteemed by the ministers and favourites of Hyder's court, who had formed the most sanguine expectations of his reign; but from the moment he ascended the Musnud, these fair appearances began to decline, and his conduct from that period seemed to be directed wholly by the principles of ambition, pride, caprice and cruelty.

It was in consequence of these principles, that he provoked the late war against the East India Company during the government of Lord Cornwallis in 1792; and though the Sultaun's power and resources were much weakened by the treaty of Seringapatam, his resentments were far from being extinguished. Had he contented himself with the quiet possession of his remaining territory, and kept from forming a connection with the French, the moderation of the British Government would never have disturbed his tranquillity; but unfortunately for him the British Government was always the object of his hatred; and since the treaty of Seringapatam, he perhaps never once lost sight of that revenge which is the continual spectre of ambitious minds.

On one occasion, in his Durbar, he declared, 'That a nice sense of honour should be the predominant feature in the character of a king, and that one who had suffered misfortunes from the superiority of his enemies should never be appeased until he had obtained ample revenge.' 'That for his part, he should every day seek the most likely means of effecting the ruin of his enemies; and that his mind was principally occupied in the contemplation of this object. The means I have taken (he added) to keep in remembrance the misfortunes I suffered six years ago (alluding to the conquests of Marquis Cornwallis) from the malice of my enemies are to discontinue sleeping on a cotton bed, and to make use of a cloth one. When I am victorious, I shall resume the bed of cotton."

Full of this resentment, he began intriguing with the French Government about 1796, and it required the most prudent management on the side of the Company, to prevent him then from commencing hostilities. The arrival of Buonaparte, however, in Egypt, and the promises he obtained from that enterprising warrior, of assistance and support, decided him on a war, the moment he could begin it with effect.

When the Marquis of Wellesly arrived in India, he had strong suspicions of the French correspondence with Tippoo; which being further confirmed by authentic documents transmitted to him from the Cape by Lord Macartney, he immediately remonstrated with Tippoo on the circumstances, to which he not only received evasive answers, but the most positive assurances of good faith. In one of these letters he particularly declares "that his *friendly heart* is disposed to pay every regard to truth and justice, and to strengthen the foundations of concord and harmony between the two nations."

We shall now present our readers with some particulars of the siege of Seringapatam, not generally known, accompanied with anecdotes of the Sultaun, and the manner of his death; which will be found not only curious, but highly expressive of that enterprising character.

When Tippoo found himself hard pressed in the siege of his capital, he communicated to General Harris a desire to open a negociation for peace. To this overture the General answered by transmitting a draft of preliminaries (founded on previous instructions furnished him by the Governor-general, but subject to be modified by him according to existing circumstances) requiring, in lieu of forts, which it was then too late in the season to receive, additional hostages—namely, four sons of the Sultaun, and four of his principal officers, to be selected by General Harris. These, with two crores of rupees, were to be sent in forty-eight hours to the camp, otherwise the General reserved to himself the power of extending his demand, even to the possession of Seringapatam.

To this there was no answer; and from this time Tippoo seemed to be determined on defending his capital to the last. He appears too to have been prepossessed with an idea that Seringapatam was impregnable; and this idea was confirmed by the constant reports of his courtiers, who persuaded him, till within an hour of the general assault,—"That the English would be obliged to raise the siege from want of provisions, and that their shot had produced little effect on the walls."—In the morning of the 4th, however, on examining the works himself, his natural perceptions soon discovered to him the danger of his situation, but he was determined to abide all consequences.

When the breach was sufficiently made for the English army to enter, and the Sultaun observed that such of his own men who were in front had either fled or were killed, and that the storming party was advancing towards him in greater force than he at first apprehended, he mounted one of his favourite horses, and proceeded eastward on the rampart, till he came to a slope at the new sally port, which was so much crowded he could not make his way into the town.

Whilst in this situation, the advance of the storming party which had followed his track along the rampart, came up to the bridge; and upon the first fire into the gate the Sultaun was wounded. Upon receiving this wound, he advanced through the crowd three or four paces into the gateway, when he received a second shot through the left breast, and his horse wounded in one of his legs. The Sultaun having told Rajah Cawn that he was wounded, this faithful servant who remained with his master, and who was himself shot through the leg, proposed to him to discover himself; but the Sultaun cried out, "Are you mad—be silent." Rajah Cawn then endeavoured to disengage him from the saddle, in which attempt they both fell, together with the horse, among the dead and wounded men.

The firing had now nearly ceased below the arch of the gateway, when an English grenadier came up to Tippoo (not knowing him to be the Sultaun) and seized his sword belt, with a view to strip it of the gold buckle by which it was fastened. The Sultaun instantly stretched out his right hand (the lower part of his body being entangled amongst the dead bodies,) and snatching a drawn sword which happened to be within his reach, made a stroke at the grenadier. The blow falling upon his musket, he made a second stroke at another soldier with more effect—when he was immediately killed by a musket-ball, which penetrated his right temple.

Some time before the Sultaun fell, he advanced towards the attack; and when within about two hundred yards of the breach, he stood behind one of the traverses of the rampart, and fired seven or eight times with his own hand at such of the assailants as had advanced within shot. Rajah Cawn was of opinion that three or four Europeans fell by the Sultaun's fire.

On the surrender of the place, the Sultaun's body was found, after a diligent search, among heaps of slain, when it appeared he had been shot a little above the right ear, by a musket-ball, which lodged near the mouth in his left cheek, and that he had also received three wounds, apparently with the bayonet in his right side.

Person of the Sultaun.

Tippoo Sultaun was in his person about 5 feet 8 inches high, a short neck, square shoulders, and rather corpulent; his limbs were small in the proportion to his body, particularly his feet and hands; he had large full eyes, small arched eye-brows, and an aquiline nose; his complexion was brown, and the general expression of his countenance not void of dignity.

His familiar day was as follows:

He rose at break of day, when, after being *champoed** and rubbed, he washed himself, and read the Koran for an hour. He then gave audience to such of his officers, civil or military, as it was necessary for him to see on public business, and afterwards spent about half an hour in inspecting the *Jamdar Khana*, a place where the jewellery, plate, fruit, and other articles were kept. Upon his return, his breakfast was prepared for him, and at this repast *Moonshy* and the three youngest children were present. On occasions of particular business, he shut himself up with his counsellors, and the children were not sent for. His favorites, and those with whom he was in the habit of consulting, were Meer Saduck, the Binky Nabob, Sied Mahommed Aloof, Purneah, Golam Alli, Almed Khan (the late Ambassador to Poonah,) and his principal Moonshy, or Secretary, Hubbub Ooliah.

During breakfast, the conversation, on the part of Tippoo Saltaun, turned chiefly on his last wars and exploits, and on his future projects; and this was the time that he dictated the heads of such letters as he wished to be written. His diet at breakfast chiefly consisted of nuts, almonds, fruit, jelly, and milk.

After breakfast, he dressed himself in rich clothes, and proceeded to the Durbar, where he dispatched the ordinary affairs of his government. Upon other occasions his dress was plain and coarse. It was his custom to review every morning the new levies and recruits, and to enquire into their cast, country, and the extent of their religious knowledge. If he was satisfied with their examination, they were in consequence entertained at a higher rate of pay, but if deficient in the knowledge of the faith, they were delivered over to the Cauzy of the Cutchery, to which they were attached, to be instructed in the principles of religion. In the evening, when the Sultaun had leisure, he commonly went out on horseback to superintend the discipline of the troops. He generally stood upon the outwork before the Bangalore, or Eastern Gate, and from thence directed their exercise and manœuvres. On other days he inspected the repairs of the fortifications and buildings.

Returning to the palace, he received reports of works done in the arsenals, manufactories, &c. &c. the news of the day, and the communications from his spies and intelligencers. At this time likewise he delivered his orders, as well as his answers to petitions and letters from the different provinces.

He generally passed the evening with his three eldest sons, and one or two of the principal officers of each of the departments of state. All these usually sat down to supper with him; and Hubbub Oollah asserts, that his conversation was remarkably lively, entertaining and instructive. During this meal he was fond of reciting passages from the most admired historians and poets.—Sometimes he amused himself with sarcasms upon the *Cousers*, or Infidels, and enemies of the Circar; and often discoursed upon learned subjects with the Cauzy and Moonshy. Having dismissed his company, which he always did after the repast, he was accustomed to walk about by himself for exercise, and when tired to lie down on his couch and read a book, either upon the subject of religion or history, until he fell asleep.—These were his usual occupations, except on days of important business or religious ceremonies.

(To be concluded next week.)

* The operation of pressing, or kneading the flesh or muscles, for the purpose of promoting the circulation of the blood.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I BEG leave, through the medium of your Repository, to make a few observations on the prophane and shameful manners that are not unfrequently exhibited at some of the places of public worship in this city. When I attempt to do this, I would have it understood, that I by no means intend to implicate the members of the churches to which I allude; but rather to defend them from the interruptions and indecencies to which they are exposed during the performance of that service which we owe to the Supreme Being, and which ought to be performed with the most profound reverence and awe.

To the reproach of the Citizens of Philadelphia, but more especially to the rising generation, I am constrained to observe, that it is now become a prevailing custom for a great number of young men, or rather boys, to assemble at the most popular places of worship, either for the purpose of curiosity, or perhaps a worse motive; and there to behave, not only irreverently, but shamefully indecent. And I am sorry to add that (altho' this practice has prevailed for some time, to the great disgrace of the magistracy of this city) no means, at least no effectual means have been taken to prevent this scandalous practice. On the last Sabbath-day, I have been credibly informed, that one or two battles were fought in a church-yard during the time of Divine Service, by the unthinking youths who had assembled, not for the purpose of worshipping God, but to insult the female part of the audience. Is it not a scandal and a reproach that these senseless youths should be permitted to croud outside the windows, and continue to tap at the glass for the purpose of making the young women turn about their faces? This was absolutely the case! If such conduct as this is permitted, what are your expectations of the rising generation?

I have dropt these few hints that an application may be made to the magistrates for the purpose of preventing such extreme misconduct in future. I would also observe, that it might be well for those congregations who divide the sexes in places of worship, to let the men and women sit promiscuously; in which case the females would have their protectors near them in going out, and would not be so liable to be insulted by every puppy that may place himself in the path for that purpose. I hope the citizens will take these hints into consideration, and adopt some mode to wipe away this shameful reproach from the city of Philadelphia.

ADMONITION.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A MOUTH FOR THE DUMB.

(A Dialogue on the subject of Gunning.)

M. I HAVE several times almost concluded entirely to renounce the practice of Gunning—I seldom return from it without wishing I had staid at home.

L. I do not wonder at that, if thou hast always such luck as we have had to-day.

M. I own I am unlucky, but my objections do not arise from that circumstance altogether.

L. From what then? I suppose thou dost not think there is any harm in it.

M. Yes;—I think if we consider the subject attentively we shall be hard set to justify the general practice. To be sure, circumstances alter cases. In those parts where the wild game are so numerous as to become a nuisance, or to afford a supply of animal food, the practice is admissible, but not, in my opinion, where these inducements are wanting; and where the sole motive is amusement.

L. But can there be any more cruelty in shooting a squirrel, than in killing an ox or a hog?

M. Circumstanced as we are, I think there is: we do not depend upon game for provision; agriculture furnishes us with a sufficiency of both animal and vegetable food, and the latter at much less expence than it could be obtained at by Gunning.

L. But that only proves the unexpediency of it, not the inhumanity.

M. True; I did not carry my observation as far as I intended. If the lives of wild game could be taken with as much ease, as that of domestic animals, the difference as to the cruelty of the acts would be small: But compare the executioners, the gunner and the butcher, and the difference is evident. Only let us reflect on the scene we have just left—wounds, broken limbs! does it not give thee pain to think in what anguish some of these poor creatures must pass the night? and all merely to gratify an idle thirst for amusement. It must, brother, it must indeed be a

"..... Detested sport,
"That owes its pleasures to another's pain."

L. I acknowledge it does occasion unpleasant sensations, but still——

M. But still custom must preponderate against reason, and inclination for pleasure against humanity. I think it a pity that the case is such, but so I suppose it will remain.

L. Why, I think there is not much likelihood of thy making many proselytes; but if thou art persuaded of the propriety of such sentiments, it lies with thee to set the example.

M. I have made up my mind to do so.

A STRANGER.

THE NOVELIST.

A FRAGMENT.

"READER,—if the pages of fiction yield thee delight, if thou seek the acquaintance of fancy's wild and mishapen forms, in preference to the heroes of history and truth, listen to the words of Experience—they may afford thee an useful lesson."

* * * * * * * * *

[Here the narrator informs us of his name and family; these, and a few other unimportant circumstances, are omitted.]

"At school, I well remember with what avidity I perused the works in which true pleasure and instruction were combined; the exploits of Alexander, the noble patriotism of Cato, the history of my native country, excited an interest grateful and beneficial. But alas! in an evil hour a *novel*, recommended by a fellow-student, engaged my attention. Like wine, it intoxicated and impaired my more reasonable faculties; that laudable emotion was bartered for an *artificial interest*.

"My education finished—I recant that inadequate phrase—the seeds of my destruction sown, my father placed me in a mercantile situation, with many advantages of future success. My ledger awhile prevented my recourse to other books; still I resolved that a thorough knowledge of business should be succeeded by that of *useful* literature. An incident, let it be deemed by no means trivial, frustrated these good intentions; the daily report of a *very interesting* novel, awakened my former passion. I perused it with peculiar delight; my attention to the counting-house considerably lessened; my attendance on the circulating libraries became more frequent, and

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[Here a whole leaf was defaced in a perpendicular direction; hence the narrative is unfortunately cut short at the most important crisis—the commencement of a love story. Anxious, however, for the information of the fair readers, whose feelings the event may more immediately occupy, I have obtained information, from the remainder of the manuscript, that the hero, like Sylvester Daggerwood, "formed a romantic attachment"—to a milliner. It also appears that he calmly braved the remonstrances of "cruel parents," and married her.]

"Friends forsook me; my father, exasperated at my misconduct, and unwilling that the younger branches of his family should witness the encouragement of such an example, enclosed a small sum, to supply my present necessities, and discarded me for ever. My late idleness incensed the merchant under whom I might have retained an honourable and lucrative situation; he expelled me from his counting-house with disgrace. I hired a mean apartment, and commenced scribbler. I produced a *novel*, confessed to abound with sensibility, but which, pursued upon the plan of other works of a similar description, contained the most infamous doctrines of the new philosophy, was interlarded with obscenity—was charged with deadly poison. This prostitute of my brain I ushered into that brothel for the mind, a *modern circulating library!* My hand trembles at the self accusation. Should this book be exhibited at the great day of account—fall on me, ye mountains; hide me from the just wrath of Heaven; let not this damning proof of guilt appear against me!

"Poverty surrounded us; my wife's romantic spirit could little brook the dreary scene that daily presented itself. My *last* shilling I gave her to purchase food. She went, but never to return! The most diligent search was fruitless: all the night I bathed my pillow with my tears in agony for her absence. The morning cleared up the mystery—this letter arrived, to blast me with its contents:—

"'SIR,

"'The prospects I had formed when I consented to give you my hand, are unrealized. Destitute of the means to afford me the situation to which every woman of enlightened understanding must necessarily aspire, I have sought a refuge from poverty in the arms of ——— ———. An unprejudiced mind, like your's, will easily perceive the reasons that have influenced me to take this step. At the altar, it is true, I promised to love you. Can the heart be susceptible of this tender passion for a man incapable of screening it from the craving demands of hunger? I am unable to rebel against nature; she has rid me of a promise which odious custom alone sanctions.

"'Adieu,

"'HARRIOT.'

"Oh, Harriot! could I have expected this! Modern Philosophy! to thy infernal principles I owe my wretchedness. The world grows hateful to my sight. Welcome the deadly phial!

"Be thou my passport to the world unknown—
"It cannot use me worse than this has done."

My resolution wavers; at the dismal prospect of eternity I shudder! I know that tortures endless and unutterable await me"

* * * * * * * * *

[The following appears to be written immediately before the writer finished his earthly career.]

"Reader,—The deed is done! He who now addresses thee is quitting this world

for ever: soon must he appear before the awful tribunal of heaven, to receive his sentence from an all-righteous Judge, and his works shall follow him. His memory will be the ridicule of this world, but the pity of those who knew him. Harriot!—mistaken girl! I dread to think upon thy fate: though surrounded by the thoughtless devotees of pleasure, let thy husband's remains claim one sigh—I ask no more. The poison gives me dreadful warning! I dare not sue for mercy, and fear to meet that Providence I have so basely injured.

"Which way shall I fly
"Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
"Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell,
"And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
"Still threatning to devour me, opens wide,
"To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven!"

Moral Essays.

NO. II.

ON RESIGNATION.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

THERE is not any duty more difficult to learn, or more necessary to be learned, than resignation under the afflictive dispensations of Providence. The messengers of adversity spread alike their snares for the virtuous as well as the vicious: and therefore let our situations in life be what they may, we have no reason to suppose we shall be exempt from the general lot. Much might be said to shew the real and solid advantages to be derived from affliction. The subject having, however, employed some of the best and wisest men, who have all treated it so ably and fully, I am aware any thing I could add, must be but a repetition of their instructions. It is my intention only to shew, briefly and concisely, how much our interest and our comfort are concerned in the cultivation of a resigned temper, and in how high a degree it is our immediate duty to endure the misfortunes with which the Almighty visits us, with true fortitude and christian composure.

All the misfortunes we are doomed to endure, are either the means by which we are to be brought to virtuous and holy lives, or are trials of our faith and constancy. Let us then consider them as such, and when the dark clouds gather around us, instead of repining, consider and reflect a little on our past lives, and if they do not accord with the precepts of the gospel, resolve to pursue a better course for the future. We shall find this, perhaps, disagreeable on the first attempt; but perseverance will bring its own reward; it will shed over our minds true and lasting *comfort;* and be a source inexhaustible, of enviable peace of mind and self approbation.

The season of adversity is most eminently calculated to bring the person, rich in the possession of a patient temper, to reflect upon the uncertainty of all things in this world; and that wealth, titles, and honors, or all the vain baubles and glittering toys which the world can present to us, cannot avert the hand of affliction; and these afflictions will lead to such a calm and composed state of mind, that we shall be convinced, if we regard our own *interest,* if we look for happiness beyond the grave, if we are anxious to enjoy unbounded felicity in another and better world, we must endeavour to bear the unavoidable afflictions of this patiently, to be resigned under the dispensations of Providence, and to be assured that "whatever is, is right."

Scripture does not enjoin sorrow as unworthy of virtue, it only forbids us to sorrow as men without hope; but, after Nature had shed her tributary tears, and discharged her burden, Religion may come in to pacify and reconcile us; we may not be able to enjoy the frivolous diversions of the world, but we shall substitute a calm, resigned, and composed temper; we shall be serious, without despondency; dejected, without impatience; and resigned, without complaint. As we are here only sojourners and travellers, and look for a more substantial residence, a residence founded upon a rock, a residence of happiness and joy,

"Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest."

The lesson I have been inculcating, is, i deed, at first, hard to be endured, though by no means above our accomplishing. We are not tempted above what we are able to bear: but let me not be supposed to recommend insensibility; my intentions are far otherwise: but I wish all mankind to consider the impropriety of indulging a desponding temper. Revelation from on high, has discovered to us a resting-place thro' the lowering gloom of adversity: there then let us fix our hearts and minds, and calmly bear these light afflictions, which are but for a moment; steadily and firmly convinced, that they will work for us a far more exceeding and eternal brightness of glory.

E.

Communicated for the Repository.

SINGULAR DEATH

Of Mrs. DANIEL, verbally communicated to the Editor, by her Son, Mr. Daniel, and his wife.

[*From the Georgia Analytical Repository.*]

Mrs. CHARITY DANIEL, whose maiden name was Powel, died last February (1802) in Bulloch County; aged 48 years.

On the morning preceding her decease, the editor's informants left her in perfect health, expecting their return at dinner-time. Shortly after this hour they arrived, found victuals scarcely cold, covered on the table, and, to their unutterable surprise, their mother in her grave-clothes! She had also prepared, and taken possession of a suitable place for her corpse!

To the earnest, and affectionate enquiries which were immediately addressed to her, she calmly replied, "I am admonished by a strong impression on my mind, that my departure is at hand. I hope grace has prepared me for my change; and I have no desire to remain any longer in this world. Pray be composed, and resign me to the will of my GOD. I am going to the rest that I have long desired." With the best means in their power to reanimate her feeble body, they used all the remonstrances and entreaties, that prudence and affection could suggest, to banish from her mind the idea of instant dissolution. Observations were made on her ease, and the natural appearance of her countenance, and hopes were confidently expressed, that she must be *mistaken* in her views of so sudden a death. In reply, she said—"I should be very sorry to find this the case; but am under no apprehension of it. I have received an assurance of being in heaven in a short time. My soul is in perfect peace, I feel no pain, and am happy.

"Compose yourselves, and leave me to my joys. Love and serve GOD, and you will soon follow me to his presence. May GOD bless you, my dear children, and keep you in the way of his holy commandments!"

With great composure, she directed a pair of hose, and a handkerchief, which she had lain by themselves for the purpose, to be put on her corpse, as the only articles she had omitted, in otherwise fitting herself for the coffin. Nothing like distortion was seen in her features, no symptom of alarm, nor the slightest degree of derangement appeared in her conduct, or conversation.—Life gradually retreated from the extremities of the system, breath began to fail, and in the course of a very few minutes after, words of perfect sense, and exalted piety,

ceased to drop from her empurpled lips, she gently departed.

From what Mrs. Daniel did, with her own hands, during the absence of her son, and daughter-in-law, and the state in which they found things, on their return, they think that within two hours from the time she considered herself warned to prepare immediately for death, she was in eternity. What natural cause GOD might employ, in assisting this happy soul so sweetly to "languish into life," they cannot even conjecture. She had been remarkably healthy for many years, and never appeared to be more so than she was a few hours before she soared on her celestial pinions.

Mrs. Daniel, early in life, embraced religion, and continued thro' her remaining days, a highly approved member of a Baptist Church. Several of her neighbours, who are worthy of the highest confidence, speak of her as a worthy and irreproachable character.

The extraordinary manner of her dissolution is said to have a happy effect, in connexion with her dying counsel, on her surviving relatives; and to every reflecting reader, death, in such a form as this, excites no terrific idea, but brightens into a most desirable change. "O death! where is thy sting?"

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

LINES

Written on the Birth-day of the Author.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours; And ask them, what report they bore to heav'n. YOUNG.

TIR'D with the tumult of the busy world,
With varied scenes, where Folly's specious shows
Lead captive hearts, weak, credulous and vain:
I hasten to this calm and close retreat,—
This spot, where noisy Merriment ne'er op'd
His long-pent store of wit and gibes profane;
But where fair Contemplation with firm eye
And peace-commanding look, loves to resort,
And converse hold with soul-informing pow'rs:
To deeply muse on scenes that in the grave,
Dug by the hand of Time, are close immur'd,
For ever hid; (save from th' expansive ken
Of patient Memory) and "to commune
With my past hours; and ask them, what report
They bore to heaven."
What report they bore?
Alas! that question, vibrates on my heart:
While Conscience, like a stern preceptor, frowns
And cries, "Bluth, boy, thou'st acted long the fool,
"Hast past the morn of life, elate with dreams
"Of greatness, honor, pleasure, happiness;
"Hast sought out gew-gaws to amuse the sight;
"Hast toil'd, unwearied toil'd, while winged hours
"Flew swiftly by, the appetite to feast,
"With what dull-ey'd satiety would loathe;
"Hast trod with eager step and curious eye
"Those fields, where vernal flow'rets spring and bloom,
"Culling as suited best fantastic taste;
"Hast loiter'd oft supine the time away,
"Or 'neath the upland grove, or near the brook,
"Whose guggling murmurs join'd with the gay songs
"Of plumy minstrels, have possess'd thy soul:
"Made thee unmindful of that gracious Source
"From whence profusely every blessing flows,
"And check the thoughts futurity should fire."

Hark! the herald clock has struck the hour twelve.
'Tis past, 'tis done. Another year begins
To tread its round, and still I feed on bliss
Unreal: still amuse myself with Hope,
That fond deceiver: whilst she whispers low,
"Peace shall attend where'er you go; your days
"Shall smoothly glide, whilst rosy health and love
"Shall be companions of the flowery way."
Delusive pow'r! who, like those nightly fires
By beings made (who wear the form of man,
And but the form) on Erin's rocky shore,
To lure the storm-beat vessel to their coast,
Where fell Destruction waits to seal its doom?
Lead'st us on with pleasing expectations,
'Till adverse Fate shall strike the fatal blow;
Who gave thee pow'r to say we shall be blest
With years and peace? Know, wretched flatt'rer, know,
The time will come, when all thy arts in vain
Thou wilt essay to raise the drooping mind
Or force a smile; (except meek Faith shall aid
To mark the heav'nly road) th' immortal soul
Will spurn thy smooth-tongu'd words, and, mounting, fly
To that abode where thou'lt deceive no more.

Thou great Supreme! sole Source of every good!
Behold thy suppliant, who implores thine aid.
Thou hast upheld him in his youthful days;
Hast screen'd him from the grievous ills of life;
And yet he has neglected his best friend;
And sought for happiness in fleeting joys,
Whilst more substantial blessings were despis'd.
O grant that this new-year may be, indeed,
To him a year of joy: May thy kind word
By Prophet or Apostle spoken, have
Its due effect, by lighting in his heart
A sacred flame of ardour, pure and bright,
For blest fruition of immortal bliss.
O teach him wisdom: teach him how to gain
Dominion o'er himself, and passions curb
When they, unruly, would subvert his will:
And, when thou seest fit to take him hence,
May he prepared be for that great change,
That final change, which shall display to view,
Worlds upon worlds, and Thee the Lord of all. Z.

PHILADELPHIA,
MARCH 5, 1803.

SINGULARITY.

A Late Newark, (New-Jersey) paper, says—"A short time since a foetus of a very novel and curious construction was taken from a Sow belonging to Mr. Jotham Baldwin, of this town. It had two pair of ears and but one eye, which shuts horizontally, and is placed in the middle of the forehead. The head, ears, and neck, in shape resemble that of an elephant. From the top of the skull projects a horn, in a horizontal direction, overhanging the eye. Another horn, but shorter, projects from the upper jaw; and the end of the lower jaw somewhat resembles the chin of a human being. The hoofs are cloven, but turn up at the ends as if seared by fire.—The body and legs, are those of a hog. This extraordinary production is now in the possession of Mr. William Gardner."

Citizen Varen, an Antiquary at Arles, profiting by the extraordinary depression of the waters of the Rhone, has discovered there the antient foundation of the city of Arles, 14 feet below the present soil. Several urns, lamps, medals, and other antiquities, have also been found.

MANY of the sudden deaths we read and hear of are owing to suffocation in the night, by lying too low with the head, and being seized with a phthisic cough, which suffocates before we can recover our recollection from sleep so as to save life. Having the bedstead raised at the head about four inches above level, so as to sleep on an inclined plane, will be a certain preventive against suffocation. The gentleman who recommends this has tried the experiment for years, and found it efficacious.

Marriages.

MARRIED, at Germantown, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Shafer, Mr. *Gabriel Boyer*, to the amiable Miss *Margaret Wilson*.

———, on the 26th ult. by Rev. Robert Blackwell, Capt. *William Caton*, to Miss *Margaret Wright*, daughter of Mr. Thomas Wright, of this city.

———, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. *George Evans*, to the amiable Miss *Mary Kitts*.

———, Same evening, Mr. *Claudian F. Legrand*, to Miss *Eliza Kitts*.

———, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstein, *Godfrey Gebler*, jun. to Miss *Sarah Shediker*.

———, Same day, by Robt. Wharton, esq. Mr. *Clement Humphreys*, to Miss *Elizabeth Allen*.

———, Same day, by the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper, Mr. *Samuel Rose*, jun. to Miss *Sarah Tyrrel*, both of N. Jersey.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 22d ult. *Anne Maria Pote*—She was born in Germany, the 20th of January, 1702; was married to Peter Pote, with whom she had six children. Of these she had 40 grand children, 45 great grand children, and seven great great grand children. She lived to the age of 101 years, one month and two days.

——, in Southwark, on the 28th ult. *Godfrey Weller*, sen. aged about 98 years. This venerable citizen recovered from five apoplectic fits, and died in the sixth, all within 20 years.

——, at Thetford, (Eng.) *Mrs. Ward*, a lady who practised Midwifery for upwards of 70 years. She buried three husbands, and brought into the world more than 15,000 children!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Address is received, from Miss A— C— one of the pupils belonging to the Young Ladies' Academy, of this city, to Miss —— her intimate friend and class-mate, on having finished her education, and being about to leave the seminary—It shall appear next week.

"*Leontes*," and *Hints by S.* shall also appear next week.

"*Jonathan*," and several other communications are likewise received.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Autumn-Thoughts:

OR,

THE THREE EXPERIENCES.

PART III.

REVELATION.

So breaks on the Traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmly effulgence of morn.
BEATTIE'S HERMIT.

AS now the reprimand of *Conscience* stole
Through the wild turns of the DESPONDENT's mind,
Keenly it smote his heart, arous'd his soul,
And urg'd him on to seek, and Truth to find:
For he had wander'd long, benighted, blind,
In an uneven, dark, and thorny way,
Without one comfort, one companion kind,
Or one auspiciously-benignant ray,—
For yet his Hope rose not beyond Life's little day.

Determin'd now all sources to explore,
To satisfy th' inquiries that depress'd
His sinking spirits,—he rang'd Nature o'er;
But ah! his *Sceptic soul* could find no rest:
Like Noah's Dove, it was not to be blest
'Till it return'd to Him from whom it came,
Its peaceful home,—since all beyond was drest
In Chaos' garb, and bore confusion's name,
Where elements wag'd war around earth's delug'd frame.

Futurity!—*That* was th' important clue
T' unravel seeming mysteries below:
Reflection may the past and present view;
But whose research, alas! can further go?
Here, causes and effects together flow,
Like mazy eddyings of confluent wind;
But who, from them the Primal Cause can know?
Or, is there a *First Cause* for Man to find?
These doubts and questions gloom'd the sad DESPONDENT's mind.

Yet, not o'ercome, he keeps his aim in sight:
"If a Futurity there be,"—(he cries)—
"FIRST CAUSE there must be,—Source of Life and Light,—
"Good as He's great, and gracious as He's wise.
"Hence Man, beyond these ever-changing skies,
"(As *Conscience* has suggested) must enjoy
"Existence still improving, where Death flies;
"Where Christians antedate a sweet employ,....
"When hence they go....in praise, and bliss without alloy."

Joy wings him home, to search the Sacred Scroll,
Where *Revelation* beams in light divine:
He opens it——THE LAW's loud thunders roll;
And kindling lightnings flash in ev'ry line!
Astonish'd at the dread, portentous sign,
He doubts if this can be the *Christian Code*,
Where majesty, displeasure, pow'r, combine
To clothe in frowns a bliss-conferring GOD;
And, straight, his hopes all fly, like chaff dispers'd abroad.

But soon the scene is chang'd—his hopes revive!
For, as he meditates, and further reads,
With fix'd attention, feelingly alive
To that for which, importunate, he pleads,...
The radiance of THE GOSPEL, op'ning, spreads
O'er his benighted mind a cheering ray;
Which, as Devotion grows, expanding, leads
His erring Reason in th' unerring way
To Truth Eternal, and to HEAV'N's Eternal Day.

And, now, in pious rapture and amaze,
He sees the glorious *Day-spring from on high*
Descend, and, in a tenfold solar blaze,
Seem to enwrap the circumambient sky—
Away his glooms and darkness instant fly,
And new-born prospects burst upon his sight;
His cares too vanish,—and his sorrows dry;
As when, before day's orb's refulgent light,
Morn's mists and dews disperse, and seek the shades of night.

He reads—reflects—and ponders—Brighter grow
The scenes around, and brighter grows his mind;
'Till, in *Divine Illumination's* glow,
He felt an unknown pleasure, all refin'd:—
'Twas *then*, the SPIRIT OF ALL GRACE, so kind,
So wond'rous kind to all that he hath made,
A spark from Heav'n—Life, Light & Love combin'd—
Ordain'd, his soul to kindle and pervade,—
That, henceforth, she might soar beyond *Despondence'* shade.

As ruminating now, in stilly thought,
His soul (no more by restless Passion tost)
Seem'd, as in Contemplation borne devout,
To be abstracted from her partner—dust;
While, round her, throng'd a bright etherial host,
Of various orders, pow'rs and characters;
When, sudden, in extatic feelings lost,
She thinks a voice addressing her she hears,
Thus,—in strains sweeter than the music of the spheres—

"Child of Mortality! yet Candidate
"And Heir of glorious Immortality!
"Perform thy duties in thine earthly state;
"So shalt thou soon attain thy native sky,
"Thy blissful, everlasting home on high.
"The path thou now art in be ever trod,
"And with thy present object in thine eye;
"So shall it lead thee to thy Father, GOD,
"Whose Pow'r and Love thro' space unbounded spread abroad.

"Pursue thy meritorious purpose still;
"Th' unfathom'd depths of Wisdom still explore:
"*That Sacred Volume holds His Sacred Will,*
"And of Instruction pours a boundless lore—
"*Drink of its living streams, and thirst no more*
"For knowledge; since all knowledge there is found,
"From heights beyond where Intellect can soar,
"To the minutest atom on the ground,
"And all the Senses touch, in Nature all around.

"There, is unfolded Being's endless chain,
"Cemented by Love's all-connecting tie:
"There, wilt thou see that nothing is in vain,
"On earth, or in the air, the sea, or sky;
"That all the countless worlds that roll on high
"Have, fix'd, their graded and allotted sphere;
"That this world, too, and all that meets thine eye,
"Or mind, in harmony conducted are,
"By PROVIDENCE DIVINE, tho' all confus'd appear.

"There, wilt thou view that destiny, O Man!
"Which thee awaits, when Life's short day is o'er;
"And learn the ways of HEAV'N no more to scan;
"But, rather than thus question them, adore!—
"Adore that MIGHTY, ALL-CREATING POW'R,
"Who spoke thee first to being and to light;
"And then, thy lapsed nature to restore,
"Gave His own life,—put Sin, Death, Hell to flight,
"And beam'd *Redemption's* Glory on the Tomb's drear night!"

Here ceas'd the voice divine.——As tho' he felt
The DEITY within him, and around,
The rapt DESPONDENT all devoutly knelt,
Humbled in self-abasement to the ground,
And pour'd a heart-felt pray'r, in solemn sound—
"LORD! Since for me, tho' by *Despondence* driv'n
"To Ruin's verge, at length SALVATION's found,
"Oh! hence, let my whole soul to Thee be giv'n;
"And may *Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in Heav'n*"

ALEXIS.

LINES TO ANNA.

OH, charming Anna! does thy heart
E'er deign a thought on me;
To gain thy love's my pleasing part,—
My heart oft turns to thee.

When from thee parted far away,
No pleasure there is left for me;
And oft I hope to see that day
When I shall spend my time with thee.

Though I, enraptur'd, oft can dwell
Upon thy charms, and think on thee;
Yet in thy presence I can't tell
The passion that bears sway in me.

With thee contented I could live,
In pleasure would time pass away,—
Without thee, what can this world give—
Slow, dull and tedious rolls the day.

QUATRAIN.